THE SOBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A report from Trebizond declares there is much talk among the Turks that the Armenians are conspiring against them. This is just what happened in the season preceding the bloody massacres of 1895. It is the wolf's contention that the lamb was muddying his water. The fact that the lamb was further down stream made no difference; the wolf had not dined.

Professor W. E. B. Du Bois, of Atlanta University, has begun an investigation into the career of college bred negroes. He finds that there are between 1200 and 1500 negroes who have been graduated from college, and to each of them he intends to send a set of questions covering family life, scholastic life, occupation since graduation, literary efforts, official positions and financial success.

The goose step and a lot of physical suffering are in store for woman with the threatened coming into fashion again of the high heel unless she puts her foot down on the innovation, against which the shoe manufacturers are also said to revolt on the score of economy.

An electrical device which drops a feed of oats into a horse's trough has been invented by a Youngstown, Ohio, man. Now if that same fellow, or even some other, can conjure up a way by which the oats can be dropped into the bin without cost the horse feeding business will be about perfect.

The popular election of senators, according to a poll made by the New York Herald, is favored by 22 out of 36 governors who answered the Herald's request for an opinion on this subject. Of the opposing governors, a majority are in New England. In the West and South, the sentiment of the governors, and, according to their statement, of the people, is very strongly in favor of an amendment which will provide for the popular election of senators.

A writer in a French review has made a careful analysis of the wages of women in various countries. He says that in the United States a woman will earn about half as much as a man for doing the same work, and in England rather less. In Vienna the average earnings of a woman are from $1.20 to $1.60 a week. In Italy she gets about a third as much as a man. In Germany her earnings average $1.40 a week, while in France she is paid somewhat more than half a man's wages.

The demonstration in South Africa of the enormous advantage modern arms give to the defence suggests, moreover, that there has occurred a change in the conditions of warfare itself and that British misfortunes there have been due to it rather than to any mere defect in the particular British military system. Hereafter, this little war with the Boers is likely to afford more material for the study of military men the world over than they will find in many of the greatest contests of history.

Stengel examined nine members of a football team immediately after playing, and found a systolic pulmonary murmur in three—probably due to dilatation of the right ventricle. This murmur disappeared after a rest. Muscular exercise, sufficiently rapid to cause breathlessness, puts a strain on the right ventricle, which in the robust and "trained" individual is soon recovered from, but in the middle-aged may bring about lasting disease. The question of "second wind" is a question of the right ventricle. Athletics continually indulged in tend to bring about some hypertrophy of the heart, says the London Hospital.

The United States is slowly discovering how many islands she has. Mona and Monito have just been run across, between San Domingo and Puerto Rico, by the mapmakers of the postoffice department, and it wrote to Washington to find out whose islands they were, any way. They turned out to be ours, coming under the head of "all other islands" ceded by Spain. They are not really of any particular value; but islands are a kind of ornament to a nation, like the beads on a lady's dress, and the more be-islanded we are the prouder statistics we can flaunt to the international breeze. Both Mona and Monito are uninhabited and offer precious opportunities to any one desiring a retired country home with full riparian rights.

TO MY OWN.

BY EDWIN L. SABIN.

The squirrel lies hid in his hollow tree,
All wrapped in his long, soft tail;
The rabbit is snuggled as snug can be
In his home 'neath the old fence rail;
The partridge is only a bunch of down
Where thickest the arching brush—
They in the forest and we in the town,
Hush, my honey-boy, hush.

The field-mouse curls in a velvet ball
Far under the dead swamp grass;
In his hole by the frozen waterfall
The mink dreams oft of the bass;
And every chick of the ground and air
Is cuddled in haven deep—
So here, in the glow of the firelight fair,
Sleep, my honey-boy, sleep.

The north wind romps with the whirling snow;
Sly Jack Frost noses about;
But wood and field are abed—for no,
Not even the owl is out.
And here, where the motherkin's breast is warm,
And motherkin's arms are tight,
Safe from the snow and the frost and storm,
Good-night, honey-boy, good-night.
—Saturday Evening Post.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

YOUTH is impatient and the twelve weary months that had crept by since I had passed my trying examination and been admitted to the bar seemed an eon of time. I hired a cozy little office in a building filled with scores of prominent law firms. After arranging my well-stocked library, I nailed up a new sign among the rest and waited for my clients to appear. It soon became a sad trial of patience.

Among the many brilliant lights of the day my own name passed unnoticed.

Day after day, and month after month, I attended the courts or passed the time in perusing celebrated trial cases. Like Micawbar, I was waiting for something to turn up. The small capital with which I had started was dwindling away at an alarming pace and, as yet, I saw no prospective fee.

One pleasant afternoon Stanley Ferris, a young lawyer, who, like myself, was unwillingly idle, dropped in to see me.

"What news, Jack?" he asked, carelessly.

"Same as usual," I replied, despondently. "I've a notion to pack off in the wilderness for a few weeks. Everybody is out of town, and there is little prospect of picking up a fee until they return."

My friend was about to reply, when there came a low tap at the door.

"Come in," I said, carelessly, thinking it some chance acquaintance.

As the door opened my heart gave a great bound. I felt that my long-looked-for client had arrived at last. At a single glance I took in all the details of my visitor's appearance. He was a middle-aged man, dressed in plain costume, and with a seemingly good-natured face. Most men would have set him down at once as a jolly, open-hearted individual; but I did not. My constant attendance at the courts had taught me much. There was something underlying his oily smile and obsequious manner that made me distrust him.

"Is this Mr. Burns?" he asked, blandly.

I bowed in the affirmative and requested him to be seated. Stanley left the room at that moment, and the stranger continued:

"My name is Brown, sir—Martin Brown. I have called upon you in a case of emergency."

"In what way can I be of service?" I asked.

"My friend, who is in a dying condition, wishes you to draw up a will at once."

I seized my hat and hurriedly followed my visitor. In the elegantly furnished room of a hotel we found the man.

Owing to the heavily darkened room, I could distinguish nothing of his features. He lay with his face turned toward the wall, and in feeble tones dictated the terms of his will, as I drew it up.

I accomplished my task to his satisfaction, and placed the document before him to sign. As he did so I noticed a deep red scar running across the back of his hand. The whole of the dying man's property—an immense one, by the way—was left to his dear friend, Martin Brown.

Two of the servants had been called in to witness the signature, and everything was performed according to law.

As I left the house the smiling Mr. Brown handed me my fee. It was a beggarly amount—the more so from the fact that Mr. Brown was soon to become wealthy. The man's wily smile, too, while his friend lay at the point of death sickened me, and I was glad to hurry away. On my return I met Stanley, and in answer to his inquiries I related the circumstances.

"A beggarly miser," he exclaimed, indignantly. "I'd never believe it from his appearance."

It was nearly a week afterward that a young lady, dressed in deep mourning, called upon me. This time I had a case in reality. She was not more than twenty, but her beautiful face bore the impress of deep grief. In a few words she stated her business, retaining the names until she had heard my opinion.

Her story was as follows: Three weeks before her uncle had left home in company with a man he called his friend. While in the city he had been taken suddenly ill and died. She had received no information of the fact until after her relative was buried.

Then came the strangest part of the story.

Two years before her uncle had made a will making her, his only living relative, his sole heiress.

On her arrival in the city, however, she had been shown a will drawn up by her uncle on his death-bed, in which he left his entire property to his friend.

She could conceive of no reason for such a strange act, and, distrusting the friend, had sought out a lawyer. Luckily she was unacquainted with the names of our distinguished lawyers. My glaring gold sign had been the first to catch her eye, and so she called upon me.

"The case certainly looks suspicious," I remarked. "I think I will be able to make a fight in your behalf. Now, will you kindly furnish me with the names of these parties?"

"My uncle, sir, was Andrew Thurber. His friend calls himself Martin Brown."

Involuntarily my pen dropped from my surprised fingers. It was the very will I had drawn up myself.

She turned pale as I related the circumstances and arose to leave.

"I see I have made an awkward mistake in calling upon you," she said, sadly.

"Wait one moment," I replied, quickly. "This Martin Brown is a total stranger to me. If he has been engaged in an act of villainy I shall not shield him."

We entered into a close conversation, at the end of which I said, confidently:

"Leave the case to me. If I fail it shall be through no fault of mine."

She accepted my offer with thanks and left me, thinking deeply.

During the interview I had learned that the deceased had no scar upon his right hand. Now, certain of villainy in the affair, I set to work diligently to find it out.

Working cautiously, I found the man who had lain the body out for burial. From him I learned that he had performed his task on the morning of June 23, just ten hours before I was called upon to draw up the will. The will had been already offered for probate, so there was no time to be lost.

Andrew Thurber's body was disinterred and the contents of the stomach analyzed. It was found to contain poison.

By some means the sly wretch got wind of my movements and attempted to fly. At that moment the detectives seized him. Confronted by the terrible proofs, he made a full confession.

Before his trial came off he ended his life by swallowing a quantity of the same deadly poison with which he had killed his victim.

Miss Thurber met with no further obstacles in regaining her rights.

Something still more important happened to me from my connection with the case. I wooed and won the beautiful girl for my wife. As Stanley Ferris remarked afterward, I "gained fame and fortune with a rush."

His Scheme to Win a Girl.

"He was a good fellow," said he, "but young and without much capital. The girl was a beauty and loved the boy, but the father objected, and demanded that the boy show that he was capable of supporting a wife. This was in St. Louis about ten years ago, and the boy came to me with his troubles.

"'Never mind,' said I. 'I'll fix it up all right. By the way, how much will you take for your right leg?'

"He looked at me as though I were crazy, but made no answer.

"'I'll give you $10,000 for it,' said I. 'Will you take it?'

"'No, I won't,' said he. 'What do you take me for?'

"Well, I knew the girl's father; he was a merchant, and I called to see him. We finally drifted around to talking about this young fellow, and the old man flared a little, stating that he wanted some one who could support a wife to have his daughter.

"'Support a wife,' said I, in surprise; 'why, he certainly can do all that. Only a few days ago he refused $10,000 for a piece of property.'

"'His own property?' asked the father. 'Certainly,' said I.

"'Who offered him the money?' asked he.

"'I did, and he refused it,' I answered. 'He claimed it was worth more.'

"Well, this made a hit, and no more questions were asked. The boy is doing well now, and has a good family. I haven't spoken to the father since."—Washington Times.

A Cure For Leprosy.

Two dozen specimens of the plant known in Venezuela as the tau tau have been sent from Washington to Hawaii for the purpose of making a test of its alleged power as a cure for leprosy. The plant will be tested at the leprosy hospitals there, where 1073 lepers will afford every facility for a thorough trial. Surgeon Carmichel, of the Marine Hospital, has also sent half a dozen bottles of the liquid preparation to Molakai, and this will be used for immediate tests while plants will be set out and cultivated, with the purpose of providing unlimited fresh matter for further use. Wonderful stories are current in Venezuela about the marvelous curative properties of tua tua when applied to leprosy, and the Government physicians attach considerable importance to the evidence given them. It is proposed also to test it in the island of Guan, that tiny speck of Pacific land that came to us with our other Spanish war acquisitions.

Irish Advice.

"Never be critical upon the ladies," was the maxim of an old Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex. "The only way that a true gentleman ever will attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman is to shut his eyes."—Collier's Weekly.

ANN PURKIN'S TRAGEDY.

A WOMAN OF STRONG MENTALITY HELD DOWN BY ECCENTRICITY.

An Ohio School Teacher Whose Mind Was Full of Brilliant Plans For Reforming the World—Sold Papers in Grotesque Garb in Cleveland.

WITH the brain of a Mme. de Stael, the determination of a Charlotte Corday and the luck of Cyrano de Bergerac, all twisted, mayhap, but still so pronounced that they made their possessor almost a beggar instead of a queen. Ann Purkin, seller of newspapers and writer of poems and essays, died in a bed of charity at St. Alexis Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio, a few weeks ago, aged fifty years. For a score of years she had been the most picturesque figure of Cleveland streets from the fact that she wore the clothes that it pleased her to wear. For most of those years she has been hungry, at least part of the days, simply because she would not use her wits as the world wished her to use them. She was a crank, but a brilliant one. Her love of letters was ideal, passionate and unrequited—she died for her opinions.

Ann Purkin died with a trunk full of poems and essays, half of which are so good that many writers of poetry and philosophy would have been glad to have written them. But she was not only a dress-reformer but a reformer of everything else almost. Years ago she addicted herself to spelling reform, and, as in all things, she went to the utmost extreme of it. She would not allow a line she had written to be printed otherwise than she had written it, both as to spelling and punctuation. She would rather starve. This kept her out of print and made rubbish of what would have been otherwise available matter, for in whatever she wrote there was more or less of the force and brilliancy of the pen that has a right to write for print. She made one exception to this last summer when, during the street-car strike, she used to take to the newspaper offices articles urging the cessation of violence in the fight against the company. With a tone in her voice which a Hindu mother might have had when she sent her girl child to the husband that had bought her, she would say, "You may change it if you want to," for she had gone over the ground often enough to know no newspaper would print what she wrote as she wrote it.

DRESSED LIKE A BOY.

Ann Purkin's death was the only kind of a death her life could have brought her. All winter, when she was not ill, she was at her usual corner on the busy square, selling the afternoon papers. Her voice was a shrill squeak as she cried out the names of the papers. To almost all the newspaper buyers she had ceased to be a curio, they had known her so long. If those who did not know her stopped to gaze they saw that in her face which kept them from laughing at her clothes. Her dress consisted of a boy's woolen shirt—for she was a very little creature, less than five feet—a coat over it that looked as though it had been made by the wearer with the disregard for it that she showed for all the other things that seemed to her unessentials, and a pair of short trousers-like garments that reached to her knees. The breeches were made of what looked like pieces of horseblanket, and were shaped not unlike an ordinary pair of trousers cut off at the knees. Her stockings were white and her shoes heavy ones such as working boys wear. Anything in the way of head covering would do, and there was not in the whole of her costume any attempt at ornamentation or care.

Funny as her clothes were, one forgot them in looking into her face. The eyes were clear, small and expressive and there was in them, when one talked with her, the look of the soul that thinks it has never been understood and has grown hopeless of ever being.

But there was not a prouder spirit in the breast of any woman. It is not known that she ever had a penny that she did not earn. People who offered her charity were rebuked with a severity they never forgot. If one gave her a nickel for a paper and walked away she ran after him and made him take his change. Once she was ill for a week or two and the city relief department sent her a ton of coal, piling it up in the one room where she lived, against her protests. It was in the dead of winter and she was forced to use about a quarter of the ton of coal. Then she carried what was left of it down the stairs and threw it out into the street, from where it was quickly taken by the less scrupulous women of the tenement. Then she went to the city hall, made her way into the Mayor's office and handed him a dollar, saying: "That is for what I used out of that load of coal you sent to me. I threw the rest of it into the street, but I want to pay for all I used and I want you to take the money so your thieving clerks can't say I didn't pay it."

REFUSED CHARITY FOOD.

A week before she died the other people in the Detroit street tenement in which Ann Purkin lived remembered that she had not been seen for some days. She never locked her door, and when they went into her room they found her alone in the cold, there being neither fuel nor fire in the room, only her trunkful of manuscripts. There existed between her and the poor people among whom she lived something of the feeling that made the slums of Paris worship Verlaine. The refusal of the world to give the poetess what she deserved and them what they wanted made a bond of sympathy. They brought her food, which she would not eat, and built her a fire, which she could not prevent. For years she has eaten nothing but fruit and such other food as she could eat uncooked. That was a part of her belief, that only uncooked vegetable food should be eaten. For years she ate nothing but fruit, raw oatmeal and raw rice soaked in water. She hated a doctor as she did correct spelling and skirts, and was a hydropath. When the other people in the tenement called a doctor she refused to even allow him to talk to her, and she was taken to the hospital against her violent protests. She was too small and weak and too nearly starved to resist particularly, even in words. At the hospital she said she had not a friend in the world or a relative, and it was here that she displayed the only thing that seemed at all like womanly weakness that is known of her. She said she wanted to be buried in the old cemetery at Berlin Heights, a country village twenty-four miles from Cleveland, where the graves of her father and mother are.

WAS AN OHIO SCHOOLTEACHER.

Berlin Heights is a small country community. There was once a wave of free-thinking sentiment there, and later the "bloomer" craze. Ann Purkin had been a schoolteacher there and was the star of the woman's club. She donned bloomers and wore them ever after. It is told that she was married at that time and that her husband told her she could not be his wife and wear bloomers, too. She chose the bloomers; and they separated amicably. This the dead newswoman denied, insisting that she had never been married. She said her family name was Perkins, but that was not the way to spell it, and as there was but one of her, her name must be singular instead of plural.

All her young life in the country she had been writing poems and essays, but the editors always changed them and thereby harrowed her soul. So, twenty years ago, she went to Cleveland. She was determined to make the world hear her. She lectured on dress reform and wrote more poetry. The poetry and some essays she had printed in a pamphlet and sold it in the streets in her bloomer costume. While the novelty lasted she did fairly well, but Cleveland was not then large enough so that it offered a permanent market, and as soon as she had made money enough out of one book she would get out another. Sales dropped off, though, and she went to Chicago thirteen years ago to work on a woman-suffrage publication. After remaining in Chicago six months, sometimes lecturing and sometimes working as a servant, she came back to the Cleveland streets and newspapers. The newsboys came to recognizing her as a judge for their differences and advisor for their troubles. One of her principles was that when one had made money enough for his necessities he should stop and give others a chance. When she had sold a certain number of papers—and she sold them rapidly because of the attention she attracted—she would stop and go home.

WANTED TO REFORM THE WORLD.

Her mind was always full of brilliant plans for reforming the world and making it a heaven. A lifelong vegetarian of the strictest sort, not using milk or eggs, the scheme that filled her mind during her last days was a magazine to be devoted to vegetarianism. The simplicity of her mind is shown in the fact that she was going to call it "The Fig Leaf" and edit it herself. In her delirium in the hospital she bemoaned her inability to find a backer for the magazine.

She refused to take any medicine at the hospital, refused food and would not even allow the hospital doctor to take her temperature. When any one approached her bedside she would ask "Are you a doctor?" and if the answer was "Yes" she would insist that he go away from her. Her attitude toward all humanity was hostile, save that she took a motherly interest in newsboys, and toward reporters showed a disposition that was a quaint mixture of friendliness and adoration, so strong was her love of all that pretended to the guise of literature. At the last, before she died, the hospital doctors got to telling her that they were reporters in order to do the little that was possible in her aid.—Chicago Record.

Risks Too Great.

A stable lad was taken ill on a visit to London, and a friend gave him the address of a doctor to whom to go. The lad came back shortly and reported progress.

"I've got some medicine," said he "but I'm blowed it I went to that doctor of yours!"

"Why?" asked his friend.

"Well," replied the boy, "I was just about to go in when I saw on the door plate his name, 'Dr. X.' and below it '10 to 1.' When I saw that I said to myself. I'll be hanged if I take any such risks as that!' So I went two doors further, and saw another plate, with 'Dr. Y,' and below it '3 to 5.' The odds were shorter, and I went to him."—Pearson's Weekly.

Antediluvian Boneyard.

Phosphate rock is mined in South Carolina and converted into a flour. In the mines have been found many queer substances which give evidence of life before the deluge. These antediluvian relics have attracted the attention of scientists of two worlds. There are monster tusks, teeth of all sizes and shapes, fish bones in great quantity, all of which is ground up and made to produce the great Southern staple—cotton.

Japan to-day has 2500 miles of railway, 11,720 miles of land telegraphs, 387 of submarine, and 1114 telegraph offices.